



BLUES WIN—SKULE SPLITS

OPEN HOUSE

On Friday evening, November 27, 1953, the students of S.P.S. will hold an Open House. The purpose of the Open House is to make it possible for Engineering students to acquaint their families and friends with proceedings in the various laboratories, and to give them a general view of the educational aspects of S.P.S.

All departments are to take part in the Open House. All the buildings will be open, and fourth year students will present exhibits in the laboratories. Special exhibits will also be on display, and a few short films will be shown. Refreshments will be served in the various buildings.

The Open House will present a wonderful opportunity for first and second year students to get an idea of the type of work that they will be doing in the future, and will provide a truly interesting and educational evening for those they bring along.

An Engineering Open House has never before been presented on such a large scale, and the co-operation of every student is required to make it a success.

Oixtra!

Back in 1923, we Skulmen took a night off and staged the earliest known version of Skule Nite. And every year since then, we've broken loose and done it again.

At first, our shows competed with Dentanities, and the Meds' Daffydil, to see who could slip the most past the Censor. But the Medsman always won; their scripts were so technical that the Censor was baffled. He didn't know whether they were referring to Sex or Obstetrics. (Of course, they were.) So we Skulmen decided to try something new. We built a Machine for the show. The Censor breathed easier. Parents undisapproved. The next year, wild with enthusiasm, we dreamed up dozens of fantastic Machines. They walked, they talked, they answered questions that nobody could even think of asking. Finally, they cluttered the whole stage, and then suddenly everybody was sick of them. So last year Skule Nite took another step forward. A show was produced which was not a Review of songs, sometimes raw skits, or machines, but a connected set of scenes, fitted to the idea that Skule Nite was then 30 years old. And this 30th show was received really wonderfully well.

It was with this 30 years in mind that we set out to write this year's show. We kept wondering: What was good about the Censored Shows? What was good about the Machine Shows? What wasn't good about them? Why was the 30th show good? And we think we've got the answers. This year's Skule Nite has everything. It's spicy, but subtle. Your parents will laugh, but won't know why you laughed longer. It has a Machine, but only because this Machine is really necessary. And above all, it goes a step beyond the 30th show. It tells a story. Like Guys and Dolls, or South Pacific. It is a hilarious, exciting Musical Satire, with villainous Westerners, silly Artsmen, blood-thirsty Medsmen, certain members of the University Staff, and of course, heroic and triumphant Engineers. And oh yes, twenty or so curvaceous co-eds to help

(Continued on page 2)

HIGH LEVEL DIVE



FLOAT PARADE

For \$19.99 and in 99.99 feet Skule will once again put forth the best float in the annual Float Parade on October 17. For a change, the judges may not even find anything for which to disqualify us. However, they being Artsmen, admittedly the lowest form of life (those in fourth year may better understand when I say they are lower than the first little blob of protoplasm in the Darwinian Theory of Evolution, as mentioned by Marcus Long) will no doubt find some fault or they wouldn't be what they are.

The extra cent from the allowable twenty dollars will go towards financing, along with a quarter someone gave me, on Jarvis Street the other night, (thought I was a reporter), a pint. The 0.01 inch is to allow for any expansion after the initial survey. The plan of attack on Toronto is as follows:

The Skule Cannon will start the parade by waking up the campus pigeons—any McMaster fans around will have run long before this. Each course has its own little section of the Skule Float. Civils, assuming themselves to represent the oldest branch of Engineering, the world's second oldest profession, according to one of their spokesmen, will show the world the prominent figures in Engineering down through the ages. However, the exact names of these greats are being withheld until the day of the race—pardon me,—parade. (Thinking of the world's greatest race already—whose's your money on. Mine says Civils won't repeat next January). My guess is that the figures will be F. Z. Smith, the first editor of this paper, for his contribution to the world—forty beers; his illustrious predecessor forgot his name for the moment—the first distiller of rum, and the first Chemical Engineer; and . . . memory fails me. Mining and Met. are still silent as to their

plans but things all point to a big bang. Speaking of music the L. G. M. B. will be along to serenade the millions gathered on the way.

The Skule Cannon will also boom forth its challenge, once more sending the panic stricken Artsmen scurrying for cover. Somebody had better chain the judges in place or they'll never see the parade (who wants to look at the rest of the parade anyway). While the L. G. M. B. (freely translated as "Like Girls' Music? Beer?") serves us its unique renditions, the float will pass.

The Mechanicals will show the "pioneering Spirit" as exemplified in their branch of the science. Eng. Phys. and Aero have combined to produce something out of this world. Thus, I, being worldly, cannot comment on it. Chemicals are planning a review of the industry nearest the heart of all Skulmen, the production of C.H.OH (you say your girl is closer but I doubt it. This gets into your blood and also girls are not mentioned in the Skule yell unless someone can translate "Ollum Te Chollum Te Chay" as referring to be the opposite sex.)

Electrical will have their section all lit up—whether from the product of the previous section we cannot say, but, nevertheless, of electrifying importance. As the majority of the graduates of Eng. Bus. drive Lincolns, a Cadillac was ruled out as their contribution to the pioneering motive. However, an ox cart might be just the thing, carrying the receiver for the chemicals' product.

As the "SKULE" float will express the "pioneer spirit" in typical engineering HUMOUR, we can all be in good spirits about our chances in this year's float parade. Incidentally, the best section of the Skule float will receive a prize, the exact nature of which has not been disclosed.

A powerful fourth quarter drive by the Blues last Saturday, put an end to the Gaels' claims of superiority for this year. Enthused by the rousing climax of the game, an army of well organized Skulmen threw a formidable defence around the goalposts against the visiting Queen's Science students.

S.P.S. men formed up at one o'clock on the back campus and marched up to Varsity Stadium to occupy a considerable portion of the stands. Throughout the game the frequent "TOIKE-OIKE" calls attested to the spirit of the Skulmen. Half-time brought many spectators down to the field expecting to see the traditional high-level dive from the goal crossbar by a Skuleman. Murmurs of "chicken" rippled through the crowd when it became apparent that not one Engineer dared to carry on the tradition.

In the last two minutes of the game the Engineers filed out

of the stands and went to the north edge of the field. Directed by Doug Christie, they linked arms to keep over anxious Queensmen from spoiling the end of the game. At the last second the ranks broke to form around the posts. In the melee that ensued, someone threw a rope over the crossbar and snapped it. Seconds later the west post fell to victorious Skulmen and was lugged off to the Drill Hall.

The struggle for the east post continued much longer, the remaining Engineers fighting off persistent attempts by Queensmen who were incapable of feeling any pain. However, fall it did to the visitors who managed to get the post out on to Bloor Street with considerable difficulty, and headed east. The general consensus of opinion was that they wouldn't have an easy time on their home grounds on November 14.

Eng. Soc. President

I believe that it is only natural that I look forward to this coming year as being bigger and better than any previous year of the 85 year history of the Engineering Society. It would be a decided step in the wrong direction not to take this attitude. Yet, I don't feel that I am looking ahead into the coming year through rose tinted glass. There seems to be every indication that the year 1953-1954 will be a good year.

Much of the ground work has already been done for such activities as the Engineers Ball, Skule Nite, Skule Dinner, Skule At-Home and the Float Parade. Preparations for the present freshman rush in the Stores began immediately following examinations last April. The Freshman Reception, already past, was highly successful. These are a few examples which typify the energy and enthusiasm which members of the executive and its committees are putting into their duties.

Even more encouraging is the enthusiasm and Skule Spirit which is running high throughout the entire undergraduate body—particularly in first year where an exceptionally large number of students have volunteered to work on various School functions.

The success of the year's activities depends only partially on the work of the executive and the committees. The ultimate in success requires the wholehearted and enthusiastic support of every member of the Society, for it is for the benefit of you—the students of the faculty, who constitute the membership of the Society, that the Society operates.

Now that we have the ball rolling on this year's activities, I sincerely hope that every loyal Skuleman can be counted on to get behind the Engineering Society and keep the ball rolling, in an effort to maintain the traditionally high standards of School.

DON FREDENBURG



TOIKE OIKE

Devoted to the interests of the undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science
Published every now and then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto
Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Engineering Society or its officers.

Editor Bud Branson
Humour Ken Vacing, Bill Vance, Alex Peev, Woody Freidlander
Features John Stewart, Vic Prendergast, John Becker
Sports Tom McCann, Bill Jeffery, Herb Cunningham
Photography Joe Calnan
Business Dick Thomson, Ian Sinclair
Contributors Ron Ham, Don Fredenburg

EDITORIAL

PROS

Oh humble Skulemen why should we always be a weak brother in the ranks of professional men? Everyone of us will remember the definition of a professional man which was instilled in us during our days in this institution but how many of us will practice as truly professional men? How many of us are looking forward to joining industry to develop the resources of nature for the good of our fellow man? Your classmates, are they looking forward to serving a post in industry which requires the clear and decisive thought, the hard work of research and the skill of passing on recommendations and conclusions to others, that we practice during our college years? A lot of such queries can be posed by one who is approaching graduation but there is no need to ask any more.

The answers to these questions are very well displayed in the "Whither did they went" column of the last issue. Last spring the pros decided that only 64 per cent of the first year class was ready to carry on to second year. A large portion of this 64 per cent who were given the nod were before the judges for the second time. The fifth form examiners must really shudder when they see that one out of every three of their prodigies heading for engineering cannot pass their first year of college. It is alarming when one considers that only those who excel in maths and sciences are accepted for this trial for joining the pro ranks. But the crux of the problem doesn't seem to lie in the ability of the first year student. Anyone accepted to the engineering school who doesn't get caught in a whirl of campus and social activities can pass his first year with the proper application. Some will argue that regardless of how well a class does in any subject the prof will cut at least a quarter of the class list in the examination blow. However such doubters need only examine the class list and compare the results of an exam written by more than one class. It is quite evident that 90 per cent of one class can have C's or higher while another class will write the same exam and have 30 per cent of the class in the D and asterisk bracket.

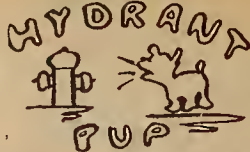
The reason why Skulemen graduate in their first year may be due to a dozen and one causes or a series of unfortunate circumstances but the most common cause is the uncertainty of what occupation is desired. Our brethren the medical and dentistry students have set a fine example for us in this department. When a student enrolls in one of these faculties he is usually determined to earn his living by serving man through medicine or tooth pulling as the case may be. Thus these students tackle their studies with a do or die effort. Their first year results would appear catastrophic if twenty per cent of their class failed.

Graduates of our professional faculty take up work in many wide fields of endeavour. In fact nearly forty per cent of the iron ring men take up occupations outside of the technical field. Among this forty per cent are many who have continued their studies in administration or law post-graduate courses. The diversity of an engineering career is perhaps what attracts those who have not decided what field of industry they wish to follow. Diversity of opportunity is a great thing but the failure disease which it breeds must be checked. What our profession needs is a grand boost in prestige to spur our students on to greater efforts.

ELM GRILL



171
COLLEGE ST.



BY BILL VANCE

On the high cost of Living

Tottering down Toronto's Street of Sin the other dark night I chanced to stumble fanny over teakettle over a recumbent form occupying a section of gutter in my path. It was a soft pliable form. I nudged it with my foot.

"Skrmnyx!", it cried.

I countered brilliantly, "Whajusay?", I asked.

The object, tattered and torn, and very dirty, I noticed, repeated the odd phrase, and raised a dishevelled face, much the worse for contact with what I judged to be the city dump.

"Croak!", it croaked. It was a vaguely familiar voice.

"Eh?", I queried, continuing the scintillating repartee.

"Pup!", he rasped. (I judged it now to be masculine.) Crazy music started in the back of my brain at the mention of my name. Loud, with lots of brass. It got louder, beating its way to the front of my skull. Deafening now, a crazy, nameless tune, with coloured lights flashing on and off—I knew him!

"Joe!", I screamed. "Joe Garfinkle, my old Skule buddy. Joe, what are you doing in the gutter?"

Joe raised himself to a sitting position. It was a pitiful sight. The lights from the Warwick highlighted his sunken cheeks.

"To tell you the truth, Pup", he wheezed, "I was trying to get home."

"Well, heck," I chirped, "That is no problem. Grab ahold of my tail and I'll drag you." A little more dirt wouldn't show.

"No!", he sobbed hysterically, "No, my home's gone."

"What?", I increduled.

"Yes, I had to sell it."

"Too much hitting the schnapps, eh?"

"No, everything's gone, all my savings, my car. I had to sell them", he sniffed. "They made me."

"They?", I bellowed. Somebody would die for this treatment of Joe.

"Yes", he said.

"But where could you spend it all?", I queried.

"I... I had to pay my fees."

Of course! The sudden shock of realization stunned me. I sat down. "But, Joe, you said you were trying to get home."

"I'm there", he said. "I live in the sewer here. I was trying to get the cover off. Help me, Pup."

"Sure, Joe!", I sobbed, tears streaming down my face. We got the cover off.

"And Joe?" I begged, "... Do you think I could...?"

"Sure Pup", he tremored, brightening slightly, "you mean, even as a mascot...?"

"Yeah Joe", I admitted as I stepped in, "I paid mine, too." Tears blinded me. I tripped over an artsmen.

ENG. SOC. MEETINGS

Tuesday, September 22, 1953

It was decided that the Engineer's Ball will be held on November 4th at the Club Top Hat.

The Annual School Dinner will be held at Hart House on October 20th. Lorne Green has been approached as a possible speaker.

It is to be noted that the Civil Club is \$116 in the red. This deficit was due mostly to poor attendance at their final party of last year. The Civil Club chairman is to give a report at the end of November.

The Grad Ball will have an operating account of \$3592 this year. This is comprised of a subsidy of \$300, ticket sales of \$3000, and a surplus from last year of \$292. It is expected that the tickets will cost approximately \$17 per couple. It is important that your club representative knows how many plan to attend.

REED 'N RITE

During the past it has not been the policy to print letters to the editor from this newspaper's readers. However, this year being in a liberal state of mind—we will print all the letters received that we have room for.

If you desire to see your beefs in print, this is how you do it. Type them out and bring them into the Engineering Stores. If you desire to compliment this paper, or its staff, we will type it out for you.

It just happens that last week we received two letters which are shown. Read what they have to say then, if you wish, write a letter yourself!

2 October 1953.

Dear Editor,

Gosh, dear Editor, if I were you I'd be ashamed of myself.

Love Life

Welcome back to school! This space for the next five months will be filled with a column of advice. This advice is given free as a service of the Society and all letters should be addressed to "WOODPECKER".

My first letter this month came from a third year Mechanical.

Dear Woodpecker,

My wife and I have been married for three years now and we have 2 children. Now we want to have a third. But my problem is that I read that every third baby born in the world is Chinese so I don't think I'd better take a chance do you?

Hesitant.

Dear Mr. Hesitant,

I have given your problem some serious thought and my answer to your problem is don't have that third baby, but start working on the fourth!

Now one from an arts type girl at U.C. She's got a complaint and wants some advice.

Dear Woodpecker,

I was out with an engineer last nite who was very cute he said his name was "EN Thaly". Could you check and see if he is really an engineer. Also, he reads this, those stockings you gave me I'd like to return if you get in touch with me. They don't come up to my expectations, in fact they hardly come up to my knees.

Phylliss.

Dear Phylliss,

The first bit of advice I have for you is that you shouldn't accept presents from someone you don't know to well. From this alone I surmise you must be a "freshy" since a girl who has been around here for a year would know better. En Thaly is a boy I know very well in fact he and I grew up to gether but En went the way of all weak no goods. He's an arts man, but don't think too lowly of him. Give him a second chance.

Woodpecker.

Four complete pages of paper and not room for the most important topic ever published in any newspaper. The "Public Opinion Poll".

It does not have to be called the "Public Opinion Poll"! NO sir! Call it the "Slide Rule of Opinion" or "Opinion's Slip Stick".

However, dear Editor, I'm not just the type that sits back and complains. This is a constructive criticism letter—the kind any "honest injun" would sign his name to.

Even to conduct a poll by honest engineering methods it is necessary to have a question to ask. Boy! Think of the questions Kinsey must have asked the women! For your first try at this new field I'll suggest the question—"Is it true that engineers prefer blondes?"

I trust you will make good use of this suggestion.

Sincerely yours,
Honest Injun.

Ed's Note:

Obviously Honest Injun's question is no good. Of course any engineer would rather squeeze a blond head and leave the artsmen to squeeze the black heads.

30 September, 1953.

The Editor

Toike Oike:

I wish to make a complaint to the members of your faculty who take surveying.

Every day, when we can, many of us girls walk around the campus near the engineers who are out surveying. Now at this point I do not wish to seem conceited but it is rather evident that we are followed by many little eyes looking through telescopes.

If we girls are so alluring to the first year students, may I suggest they at least allow second, third, and fourth year students to have a look through the telescopes also!

Yours truly,
"The Girls".

OIXTRA

(Continued from page 1)

sing the dozen dandy songs, and etc. But it isn't all plot. There is one tremendous Vau-deville-Midway scene, where we just let ourselves go on Revue numbers.

By the way, you can still get in the show. Phone Ron Ham, KI 7349, at once. If he's out, leave your name and phone number. If you aren't in the show, buy your tickets early. You'll kick yourself a thousand times if you miss seeing the Differentiating Integrator glow red-hot, or F and H in action, or the Show within the Show within the Show! And we guarantee not a single mention of the Coronation. (We won't say the same for the Kinsey Report). So come along on November 18, 19, 20, or 21, or all four if you like, and cash in on 31 years of progress. The Skulemen's Nite off is coming up again.

A serious thought for today, is one that may cause us dismay. Just what are the forces That bring little horses If all the horses say "Nay"?

"What's the difference between a girl and a horse?"
"I don't know."
"I'll bet you have some swell dates."

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Theory of Troubles, "A"

by ALEX PEEV

There are all kinds of troubles in this world. We ignore some, try to keep out of the way of others—and bump head-on with third ones. Being an embryo-engineer, and having stood-by while my mind has been ductilised, shaped and drawn towards a definite goal through the years, I can't help but classify them into three groups.

- A.) Money
- B.) Women
- C.) Time

Being unable to deal with three unknown quantities at a time, let's follow the real engineering procedure, and eliminate some of them by various means. Starting with A., we will postulate that we don't have any. Hence: no money troubles. Arriving at B.) ... matters begin to complicate. Obviously, postulating that we don't have any women won't help. Therefore, (following again the real engineering procedure,) we will postpone its discussion until we get around to look up some references.

Having eliminated victoriously the first two items, we have to face the third. ... Time is a whale of a trouble! You rush to lectures, you rush to labs, you rush for a snack, and in the evening you rush (slower, this time) to your desk, and start racing against the clock in order to finish your task. You seldom finish it really, but nevertheless you rush.

At the beginning of last year, there was a very interesting chat given by Warden McCulley on the topic: "So little time, so much to do". I attended it with great hopes. I thought Joe would give me a neat equation, involving the number of my lecture hours, the total number of hours I am supposed to study, and the number of leisure hours I want to have, and all I'll have to do would be to work out this equation, and become a happy man.

But I didn't get any such equation. Instead, I was told that the University's aim is to train the future elite of the country, and that everyone attending it should use the four (or more) years he spends here to develop his personality.

Personality! — Who, me?

I went home, and thought this over.—I've got to become a personality! As silly as it may sound, I've got to! That means further, that I have to take personally care of my personal business. This being so, I sat at my desk, and spend two and three-quarters of an hour hammering out a week's schedule.—I did it! But I won't reveal the theories I used in doing that, and I won't give you the differential equation (bless 'em all) which permitted me to find a moment for each thing, and which even left me a few hours over, for leisure! Hah! I've got leisure too! (Due to some loop-holes in the theory, those leisure hours fall on a Sunday. That's unfortunate, I agree; but better leisure hours on a Sunday, than no leisure hours at all.) No, I won't explain how I

managed to work out my schedule, because after all, it's a personal matter. And then, what good will it do to you if you copy it? — No, no! Work it out yourself, and develop your personality.

After having written out my schedule, I felt so happy that I didn't do a thing during three weeks. But I wasn't worried, because I had my schedule, it showed that there was time for everything, and I could start to apply it anytime.

That's theory. But "Grey, dear friend, is all the theory, and green the golden tree of life" — said Goethe. So let's see that golden tree. First, there are the famous Lab-Reports. Second, there are the Lab-Reports. You write reports on Monday, you write reports on Tuesday, you still write reports on Wednesday — you write them every night. And if by any chance it happens that some evening you don't have a report to write, you hurry out to breathe some fresh air, and to change your ideas, because the next day you'll have another report to write. So you spend the best part of your time writing reports. But some time in April you find out (a little late, though,) that Lab-reports aren't everything. — You should know your lecture notes, and you should know how to solve problems. — But that ain't all! If you want to be a good engineer, you can't be satisfied only with your lecture notes. You should consult references on each subject. The Professors are so kind, and give you names of books and authors you should use. (The books, I mean.) It is obvious that you should know your text from front to end, and in reverse. — Obvious! Who's laughing?

That's the way to become a good engineer. And what's worse ... er, I mean, what's more important: that's the way to develop your personality!

In order to do that, you need of course a 72 hours day. Impossible? — What for, do you think, they teach you electronics, and differential equations.

DATE DATA

- October 16 and 19 — Nominations for Engineering Society
- October 17 — Float Parade and Skule's entry
- October 20 — School Dinner at Hart House
- October 23 — Engineering Society Elections
- October 22—General Meeting of Industrial Chemistry Club. Dr. Dorland, Atibiti Power and Paper Co.
- October 25 to 31 — Fourth Year Chemical Field Trip
- November 4 — Engineering Ball
- November 18 to 21 — Skule Nite

FOR FUTURE REFERENCE

by JOHN STEWART

As one watches with interest the industry of construction with which the campus abounds of late, one wonders just how long it will take those men who control the purse strings of the various building funds to wake up. For whether they like it or not, this university of ours does have a School of Architecture. A School of Architecture which, as it has itself pointed out in the past, is trying very hard to be progressive.

It has been found that a good way to facilitate learning is to provide examples to follow. Now where will we find a good example of progressive architecture? The new library? No. Trinity's new chapel? Hardly. Perhaps the new men's residence? I do not think so. The Book Store in its simplicity might do but the only one of note is the Vic Union. You say but what about our Mechanical Building. Well, what about it. It is nothing more than a shiny front for a very dull collection of other buildings.

It might be said that a contemporary design among our venerable and honoured edifices would be out of place, and what is being done now is more suited to the surroundings. Or we are just adding ugliness to ugliness for the sake of ugliness. Gothic is beautiful but only when it is truly Gothic; when the arch of stone carries the weight and does not have to be reinforced with steel; when the buttress supports the thrust of the wall and is not just hanging from a steel framework like the living-room drapes.

You say you have heard all this before? Well you will hear it again and again. Take a look at what some of the other universities are building; then come back and see what the largest university in the Commonwealth is building. Watch as they change the front of an old house into a so called modern facade only to forget the door and have to spoil the "beautiful symmetry" by making room for it.

You cannot condemn the university for the actual design of these buildings for they are the work of some of the most successful architects in the city. Alas, success is not always a measure of true worth. Indeed this is the saddest of all, that the architects themselves are at fault. The very ones who should be setting the example hold back and dabble in misbegotten mixtures of what was, monotonous piles of brick which mock that which they would copy.

You can, however, condemn the university for allowing these things to be built when so much that is better is being done; the new dormitory of Clemson A & M College, South Carolina, the new library of the University of Pennsylvania, and the new law school of Baylor University, Waco, Texas to name a few. Perhaps these would not be suited to our campus but they do serve to illustrate what can be done.

It is not only the university which is at fault when it comes to erecting monuments to the past. Toronto the Good does its fair share, from the "strawberry boxes" sitting row on row to the great insurance buildings hulking on the skyline as if they defied anyone or anything to move them from their foundations.

An appreciation of architecture, or for that matter, an appreciation of any form of design is an important part of the engineer's thinking. For it is the engineer who can do a great deal to influence design, whether it be of an aircraft or a factory. It is progressive engineering which makes progressive architecture physically possible. It has been argued that some forms of progress have not aided our society but have only hastened the day when the rise is no more and the fall begins. That cannot be true of Architecture. We cannot continue to muddle about, putting up replicas of the past which can never hope to achieve the greatness of those ancient works of art, for they are but cheap imitations; nor can we erect

(Continued on page 4)

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Vice President Athletic Assoc. — 2nd Year

President — 5T7

President — 5T6

Athletic Representative — 5T7

NOMINATIONS WILL BE RECEIVED IN THE ENGINEERING STORES OCT. 16th and 19th

PROCLAMATION

The freshmen of S.P.S. are hereby requested to attend the . . .

"VIC APPLE BOB"

on the afternoon of Thursday, Oct. 15, 1953, A.D.

Victoria College Union (In Exile)



I borrowed them from my sister.

Brains Department



Two former blues, Ted Lansky, Earl Ford, and a PHE grad, Jack McFarlane will be guiding Skule's footballers in their effort to return the cherished Mulock Cup to Ye Ol' Skulehouse. Head coach McFarlane returns to the job of directing the Skule gridders while he attends O.C.E.

Freshman Writes

Dear Bob,

I hope this letter finds you well. I am just finish the first week of school. It is real great down here. College life is real great. Its everything its cracked up to be. The older guys showed me all around and took me drinking during the first week and now I'm on my own. I got here Tuesday and started school Wednesday. It were real easy. On Thursday we got let off early for to here some, guy speak at Rectification hall. We didn't go cause we was thirsty so we went to the J.C.R. They got no girls there but its a real fashionable joint. Thursday nite they had a freshman dance with hundreds of broads from all over and boy did they know the score. They was mostly nurses and wow did they know the score. I danced with a whole slew of them and man did they know the score. I did just like you told me to and I didn't rush things. I picked up this one lovely and after introducing myself I took her for a walk. We went over to look at that big smoke stack by the new incinerator, I think it is and I

explained to her the engineering principles about how it worked and then we sat on the grass. Man did she know the score.

Tell Maw I need money quick. I Met a nice girl who is just getting over, I think she said Measles, and she needed \$25 for her last shot so I lent it to her. Meanwhile I found a nice restaurant on Spadina called "Scotts" where I can get free soup and crackers for lunch and all for nothing. He keeps bugging me to repent cause he says I'm sinner and he told me if I worked hard and lead a good clean life I might be able to go to university like all those other boys he sees walking around the University. But boy did those nurses know the score.

Susie sent me a poem which I am enclosing for your enjoyment.

May you live as long as you want to —
And want to as long as you live —
And if we're in bed — and I'm asleep wake me —
And if we're in bed — and I don't want to —
Make me.

All my, no I don't want to waste it on you.
YODAR

Skule Auction

Going once, going twice, sold and some lucky Skuleman will have bought himself a date with one of the most sought after coeds on the campus. The annual Skule auction is looming up in the near future and the chief auctioneer will be searching for the lucky man who is most willing to trade a handful of hard cash for the privilege of dating this pretty lass.

Those Skulemen who never date gals should be on hand along with their more broad-minded brethren, for second to the date with the fair lass will be the auctioning of the last ticket to the School dinner which includes a stub for the stag following the dinner.

FUTURE REFERENCE

(Continued from page 3)
more of those nonentities so abundant but with no excuse at all. The new ideas are there for us if we want them, and while we can do nothing with that which already exists, we, as engineers, can see to it that in the future these new ideas are put into practice.



Say Bob, where's the horseshoes that we are going to take to London?

SPORTOIKE

by TOM McCANN

Last year at this time the Reed Trophy looked a long way off. Indeed we had to assume we were dreaming in order to prophecy that it would be in the little red School House come the spring. But came the spring and there it was. One thing we had failed to reckon with—Skule Spirit. Until the second term no team championships in the team sports had come home. But suddenly everything broke loose and both the hockey and basketball finals were all Skule.

It is to be hoped that we capture a few of the big championships a little sooner this year and not wait until the spring term. Let's see if we can't bring home the Mulock Cup, emblematic of interfaculty football supremacy, and the Arts Cup, for the soccer championship, and all the other titles to be won this fall.

It may be that you do not know how to go out for a particular team. Well, here are the members of the A.A. and the sports that they handle. If you have any questions about a particular sport don't hesitate to give the right man a call.

President—Doug Hamilton, HO. 6518.

(Vice-President to be elected October 23 from 5T6).

Treasurer—Bob Piercy, CE. 1-9668. (Golf, Major Basketball).

5T4 Rep—George Kolosta, LL. 3820. (Outdoor & Indoor Track, Harrier).

5T5 Rep—Pete Bannister, JU. 7861 (hockey, soccer).

5T6 Rep—Don Cossar, MO. 9622. (Football).

5T7 Rep—(to be elected Oct. 23)—(Boxing, Wrestling).

Secretary—Tom Vernon, HU. 8-2020. (Water polo, swimming, Squash).

Director Pub. & Pub.—Charles Morris. Minor Basketball, Lacrosse, Volleyball).

34 Hour

Tragedy

It has often been the lament of faculty and leading students active on this campus that members of the professional faculties have not, in the past and still now, taken a keen enough interest in the extra-curricular activities about the university. They fear that these faculties are producing a narrow technician who will not be worthy of a university degree even though he has one. Obviously, the way they arrived at this conclusion was by viewing the registration of the members of the numerous organizations about the university. However, a lack of participation does not necessarily stem from a lack of interest but may be due to other things. Time, for instance.

Now, I am not going to say that a person enrolled in Engineering spends more time over his books than one enrolled in Arts for that would be a very difficult thing to prove. But, one thing I can say for certain is that the free time of the Engineer is not at a time of day conducive to participation in outside organizations. The common cry is "How can I make a four o'clock meeting when I don't get out of the lab until five?"

In contrast to this situation is the position of the man in Arts or Commerce who has as little as twelve hours a week in class. The large amount of reading required of them can be fitted in around meetings and activities which interest them.

Perhaps this situation indicates that a change is due in this faculty. A five or six year course with fewer hours per week would give the undergrad Engineer an opportunity to broaden his education by non-technical activities about

Football

Skulemen, has a catastrophe occurred or is this a blessing in disguise. For it's rumoured that there will be only one team of stalwart engineers in the Mulock Cup Race this year. But possibly with all our strength concentrated in one team we may be doubly assured of taking the trophy from those arts-men up north and restoring the cup to its proper place in the Skulehouse.

This year, the team will be working off a split "T" formation with Don Hart, George Lewis and Marv Larsen working for the quarter spot. Bruce Day has been getting away some good kicks this year and may fill that spot. Positions have not been definitely decided as yet by coaches Lansky, McFarlane and Ford. Incidentally, Earl Ford played with the Blues last year and is eligible. He will be a great asset to the Skule defence. Much new equipment has been purchased, making Skule one of the best equipped teams in the league. Should we have only one team, they will be in Group I with Vic, U.C., and Meds., leaving four other teams in Group II. Remember the schedule starts on October 15th so lets all get out to see the games and watch Skule take the Mulock Cup this year.

the Campus. And a better Engineer would be the result. No other professional faculty grants a degree in four years.

Extra-curricular endeavours are nearly as important in the development of a professional man as the courses he takes. Without them he is not truly professional in his outlook, for its necessary that he be aware of all the social problems which exist and about which he learns nothing in class.

An overloaded timetable does not produce a better Engineer; merely a narrower one.

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